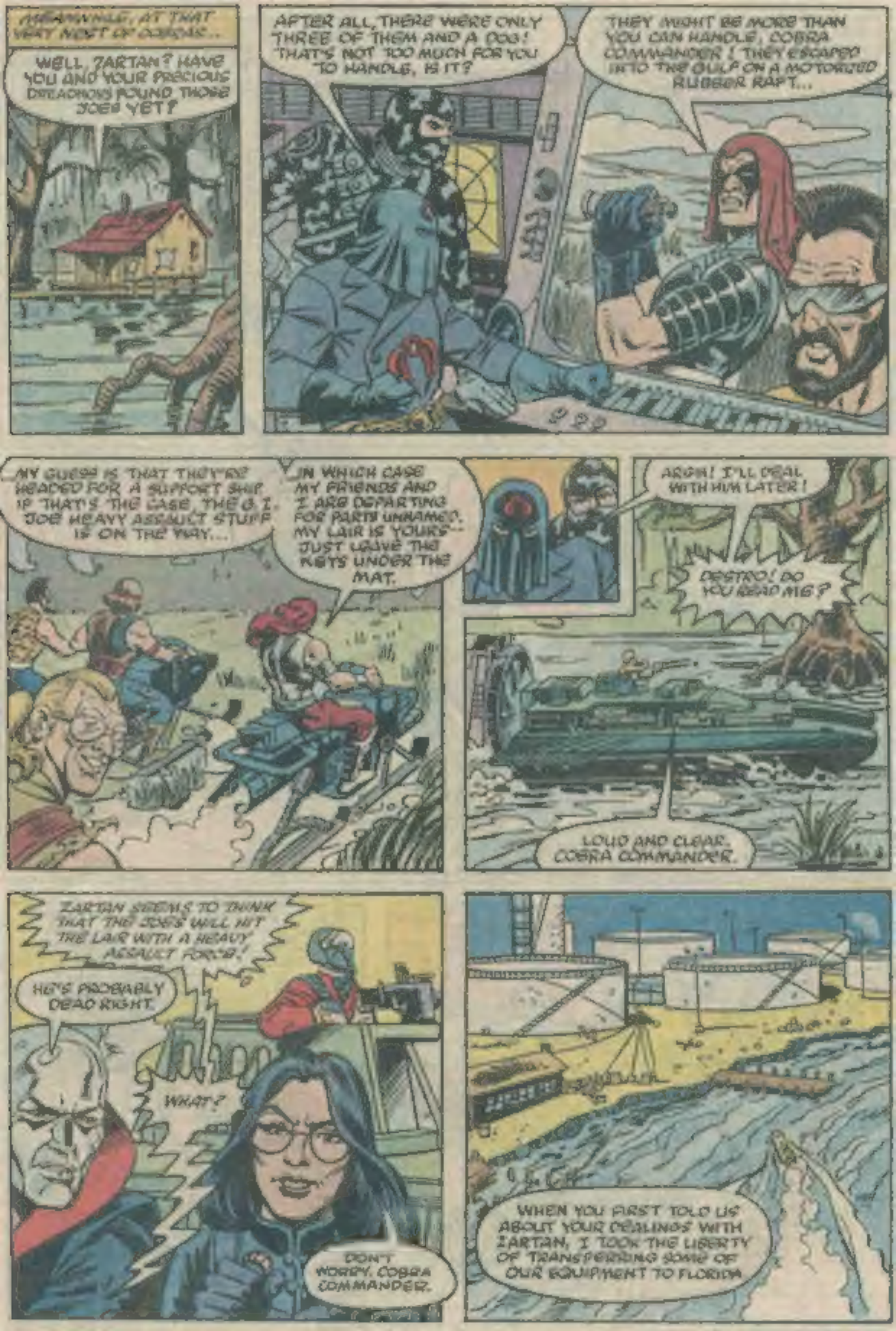
Stan Lee PRESENTS: G.I. JOE A REAL AMERICAN HERO

# SWAMPFIRE!

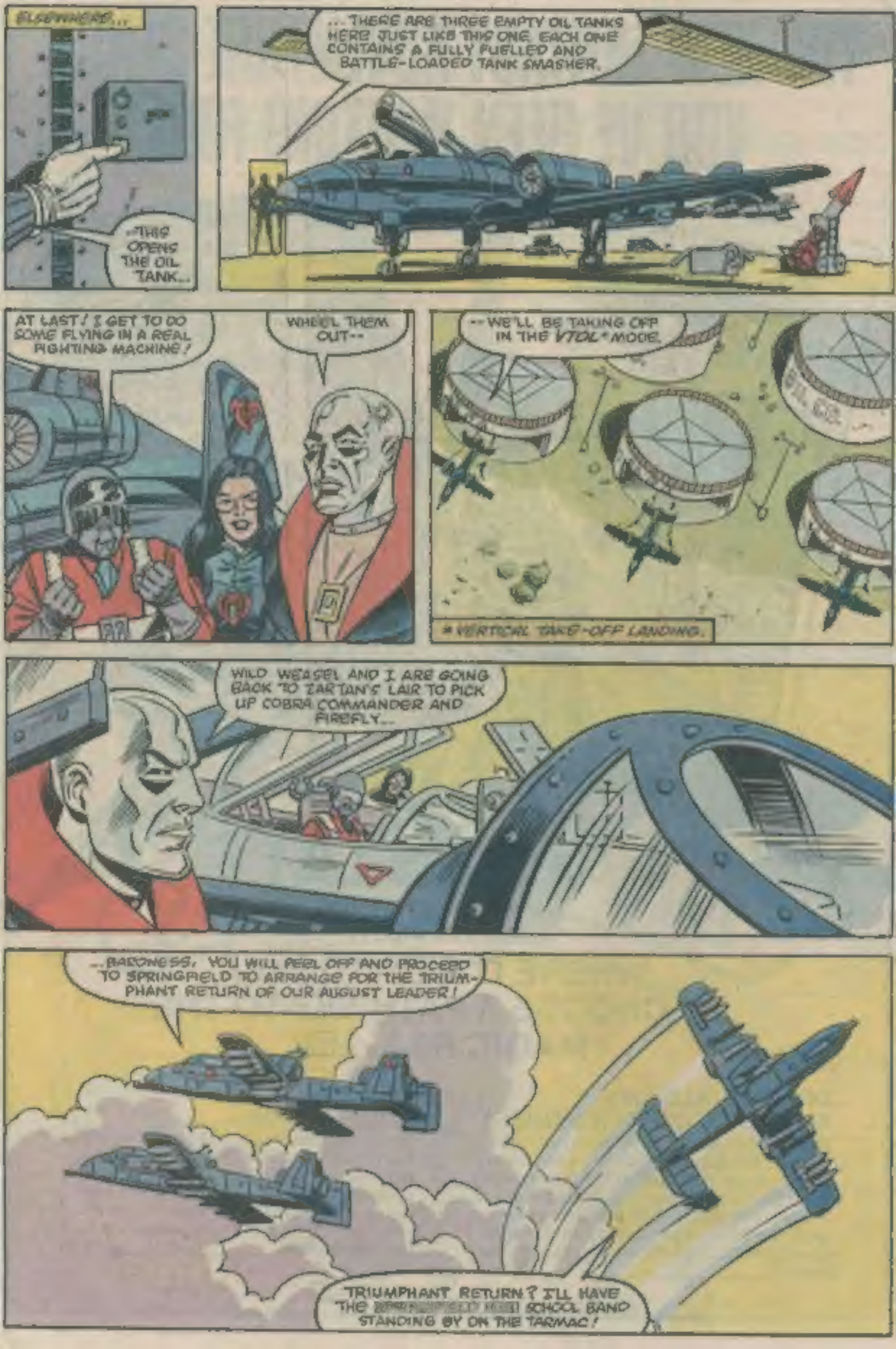
G.I. JOE® A REAL AMERICAN HERO™ Vol. 1, No. 39, October, 1984. (ISSN 0746-7303) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James F. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Mike Hobson, Vice-President, Production, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. G.I. JOE, DESTRO, THE BARONESS, COBRA COMMANDER, WILD WEASEL, EASTERN FIREFLY, JUNKYARD, MUTT, TORPEDO, TRIP-WIRE, MAJOR BLUDD, THE DREADNOKS, STEELER, CUTTER, DEEP-SIX, DUKE, DOC, ROADBLOCK, BREAKER, CLUTCH and WILD BILL are trademarks of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. and the likenesses of the characters to which those names are applied are the property of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC., and the backgrounds and illustrations are used with permission of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. G.I. JOE ® Copyright © 1984 by HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1984 by Marvel Comics Group, a Division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or illustrations removed, nor in a mutilated condition. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO G.I. JOE, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR LEADING DESTRO AND ZARTAN TO US...
NOT TO MENTION COBRA COMMANDER AND THE BARONESS!
LIGHTEN UP, MUTT. HE DID SAVE US FROM PIREPLY'S TRAP...
AHOY MATEYS, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
WOOF!
FOR WHAT, CUTTER?
TO TAKE OVER THE HELM ON THIS RUST-BUCKET! AS SOON AS DUKE GETS HERE, WE'RE GONNA--
HERE HE COMES NOW.
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
READY FOR YOUR MAP BRIEFING, DUKE?
I THINK THESE BOYS HAVE PINPOINTED EVERY DRY SPOT IN THAT WHOLE BLAMED SWAMP!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DRY SPOTS...
JUST SHOW ME WHERE THAT NEST OF COBRAS IS!
THAT'S EASY, DUKE! RIGHT HERE!


MEANWHILE, AT THAT VERY MOST OF OBVIOUS...
WELL, ZARTAN? HAVE YOU AND YOUR PRECIOUS DREADNOKS FOUND THOSE JOES YET?
AFTER ALL, THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF THEM AND A DOG! THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO HANDLE, IS IT?
THEY MIGHT BE MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE, COBRA COMMANDER! THEY ESCAPED INTO THE GULF ON A MOTORIZED RUBBER RAFT...
MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'RE HEADED FOR A SUPPORT SHIP. IF THAT'S THE CASE, THE G.I. JOE HEAVY ASSAULT STUFF IS ON THE WAY...
IN WHICH CASE MY FRIENDS AND I ARE DEPARTING FOR PARTS UNNAMED. MY LAIR IS YOURS... JUST LEAVE THE KEYS UNDER THE MAT.
ARGH! I'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER!
DESTRO! DO YOU READ ME?
LOUD AND CLEAR, COBRA COMMANDER.
ZARTAN SEEMS TO THINK THAT THE JOES WILL HIT THE LAIR WITH A HEAVY ASSAULT FORCE!
HE'S PROBABLY DEAD RIGHT.
WHAT?
DON'T WORRY, COBRA COMMANDER.
WHEN YOU FIRST TOLD US ABOUT YOUR DEALINGS WITH ZARTAN, I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF TRANSFERRING SOME OF OUR EQUIPMENT TO FLORIDA

TEN MILES FURTHER NORTH OF ROUTE 66...
RELAX, R.L... THIS HERE'S THE SLOW FREIGHT.
JUS' GETTIN' ANTSY, CHIEF KINDA BORED, I GUESS...
YOU THINK THIS IS BORING? YOU WEREN'T EVEN BORN WHEN TRUMAN WAS PRESIDENT--
HEY! Y'ALL KNOW WHERE ROUTE 66 IS?
I RECKON I DO, SEEIN' THAT I'M SITTIN' ON IT.
THIS IS IT, STEELER! PEEL OFF TO THE LEFT!
SH-BOOOM!
SCREEEEEEEEECH!
KAWRUMF!
R.L.! THAT YANKEE SKUNK DONE TORE THE SIDE OFF OUR CRUISER!
SOUNDED LIKE A TENNESSEE BOY TO ME, CHIEF...
THAT'S NORTH O' HERE, AIN'T IT?

MEANWHILE...
O.K., ROADBLOCK -- YOU TAKE THE LEFT TURRET, DEEP SIX TAKES THE RIGHT TURRET. I'LL BACK UP CUTTER ON THE BRIDGE.
GOT IT, DUKE. LEFT TURRET FOR ME.
AND RIGHT TURRET FOR ME...
LOOKS LIKE THE W.H.A.L.E.* IS GOING TO GET A BAPTISM BY FIRE FOR A SHAKE-DOWN CRUISE!
* WATER-BOSING HOVERCRAFT ASSAULT LANDING EXPERIMENTAL -- Ed.
STAND BY FOR SIMULTANEOUS LAUNCHING OF WHALE AND DRAGONFLY!
YOU SQUARED AWAY, WILD BILL?
DOC AND I ARE RARIN' TO GO!
THEN GET OUT OF HERE!
I'M GONE, MARINER!
GIVE HER FULL THROTTLE, CUTTER -- WE'VE GOT AN ASSAULT SCHEDULE TO MAINTAIN.


ELSEWHERE...
...THIS OPENS THE OIL TANK...
...THERE ARE THREE EMPTY OIL TANKS HERE JUST LIKE THIS ONE. EACH ONE CONTAINS A FULLY FUELLED AND BATTLE-LOADED TANK SMASHER.
AT LAST! I GET TO DO SOME FLYING IN A REAL FIGHTING MACHINE!
WHEEL THEM OUT--
--WE'LL BE TAKING OFF IN THE VTOL* MODE.
*VERTICAL TAKE-OFF LANDING.
WILD WEASEL AND I ARE GOING BACK TO TARTAN'S LAIR TO PICK UP COBRA COMMANDER AND FIREFLY...
...BARONESS, YOU WILL PEEL OFF AND PROCEED TO SPRINGFIELD TO ARRANGE FOR THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF OUR AUGUST LEADER!
TRIUMPHANT RETURN? I'LL HAVE THE [illegible] SCHOOL BAND STANDING BY ON THE TARMAC!

IN ZARTAN'S LAIR...
YOUR FRIEND ZARTAN CERTAINLY HAS A DAZZLING ARRAY OF ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE GEAR, EH?
QUITE. THIS RADAR SCREEN SEEMS TO BE SCANNING THE GULF COAST--
--AND IT'S SHOWING A LARGE "BLIP" MOVING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US AT HIGH SPEED!
HOW DO I GET VISUAL READOUTS ON THESE SCANNERS?
HMMM, THIS ENTIRE BANK OF CONTROLS IS A FAKE. THE DIALS ARE DEAD AND THE KNOBS AREN'T CONNECTED TO ANYTHING...
FORGET THAT PHONEY CONTROL PANEL, FIREFLY! THE JOES ARE ATTACKING US BY LAND, AIR AND SEA!
DESTRO! WE NEED AIR SUPPORT IMMEDIATELY!
DON'T WORRY, COBRA COMMANDER...
THIS WILL GIVE US THE OPPORTUNITY TO SNEAK UP BEHIND THEM WHILE THEY'RE CONCENTRATING FIRE ON YOUR POSITION.
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO REASON FOR A FAKE CONTROL CONSOLE UNLESS IT'S HIDING SOMETHING!
KRUNK
IT LOOKS LIKE THE CONTROLS TO A VIDEO GAME!
BUT ONE THAT UTILIZES COBRA TROOPERS AND HISS TANKS?
FIRE
FIRE

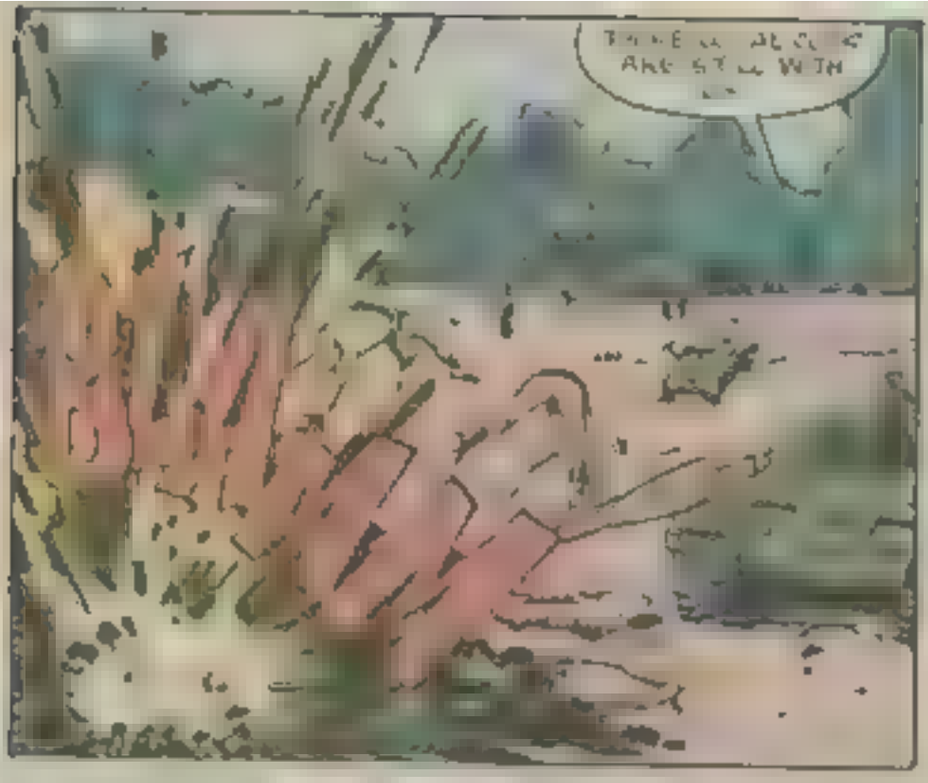
SOMEWHERE ON ROUTE 66...
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! YOU BITHER PAVE THAT BLASTED PILE O' SCRAP IRON OFF'N ANY COUNTY THOROUGHFARE OR I'LL--I'LL--
YOU'LL, WHAT? RUN US OFF THE ROAD? THEN HERE'S A TANK IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED
HE'S GOT A POINT THERE, CHIEF...
I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR OPINION, R.L...
WILD WEASEL, I'VE PICKED UP AN AIRCRAFT ON THE RADAR HEADING TOWARDS ZARTAN'S LAIR...
I'VE GOT HIM ON MY SCANNERS TOO. DESTROJ. I MAKE HIM OUT TO BE A TWO-SEATER DRAGON-FLY ATTACK HELICOPTER!
I'VE GOT TWO STRONG BLIPS COMING IN FAST, WILD BILL!
YOU GETTIN' A STRONG ENOURN SIGNAL TO PUT A TAG ON 'EM, DOC?
LOOKS LIKE A BRACE OF COBRA RATTLERS TO ME...
RUBBER DUCK, THIS IS EGGBEATER-ONE, GOT TWO BANDITS MOVIN' IN ON OUR TARGET!
THE FLYIN' SNAKES' VARIETY!
I COPY, EGGBEATER-ONE! YOU GET THAT, DUKE?
SURE DID, CUTTER...
...LOOKS LIKE COBRA'S UPPING THE ANTE ON THIS FIREFIGHT.
THEY'RE JUST GOING TO FIND OUT THAT THE JOES ARE LOUSY POKER PLAYERS. WE NEVER FOLD.

IN ZARTAN'S LAIR...
THIS IS NO GAME, ALTHOUGH THE CONTROL SURFACES ARE LAID OUT AS SIMPLY AS ONE...
ZARTAN DID MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT A SECRET ROBOT PROJECT. SOMETHING HE WAS PLANNING--
ALL UNITS FUNCTIONING
THIS IS NO PLAN! THIS IS OPERATIONAL!
"ACCORDING TO THESE READOUTS ZARTAN HAD A SMALL ROBOT ARMY HIDDEN UNDER THE WATERS OF THE SWAMP!"
"AND NOW THEY ARE MINE TO CONTROL!"
NO, NOT YOURS, FIREFLY! AFTER ALL, I AM COBRA COMMANDER!

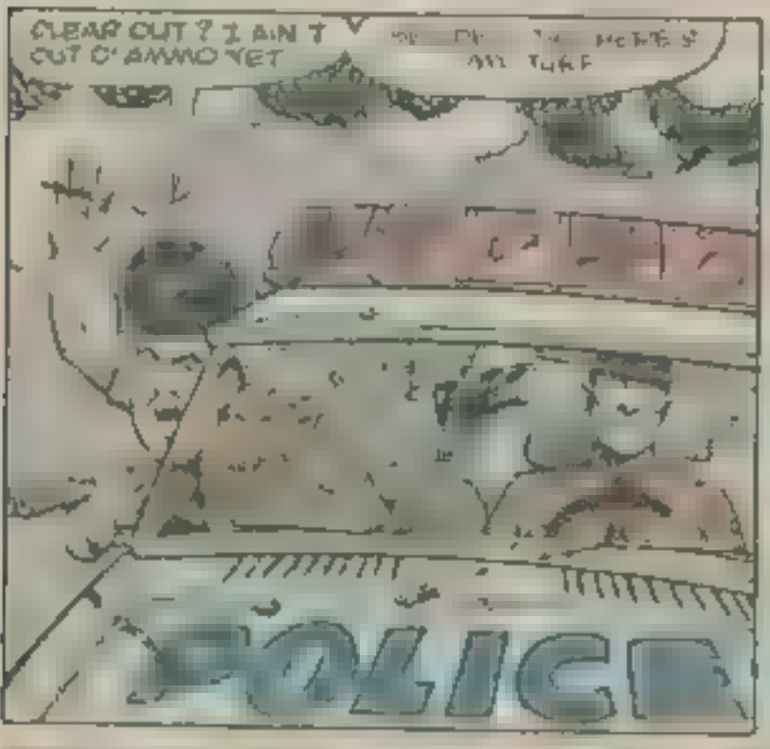
SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, CHIEF? WE BEEN FOLLOWIN' THIS HERE TANK FOR--
I'M THINKIN' R.L., YOU MIND GIVIN' ME SOME PEACE SO'S I CAN FORMULATE A PLAN OF ATTACK?
UH-OH. YOU SEE WHAT I SEE BLOCKING THE ROAD, CLUTCH?
I WISH I DIDN'T.
DUKE? BREAKER HERE. WE GOT MEES TANKS AND COBRA INFANTRY NORTH OF THE TARGET AREA--
HEY! STAY BACK THERE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING YOURSELF INTO--
LIKE HECK I DON'T!
I'M ABOUT TO PUT SOME DOUBLE-OUGHT BUCK INTO YOUR VIEWSLITS IS WHAT, AND FURTHER-MORE--
YOU TELL 'EM, CHIEF! THEY CAN'T--
--ULP!!!!
GREAT JUMPIN' POLLIWOGS! WE DONE RUN INTO A NEST O' ARMED SUBVERSIVE ANARCHISTS OR SOME-SUCH!!!

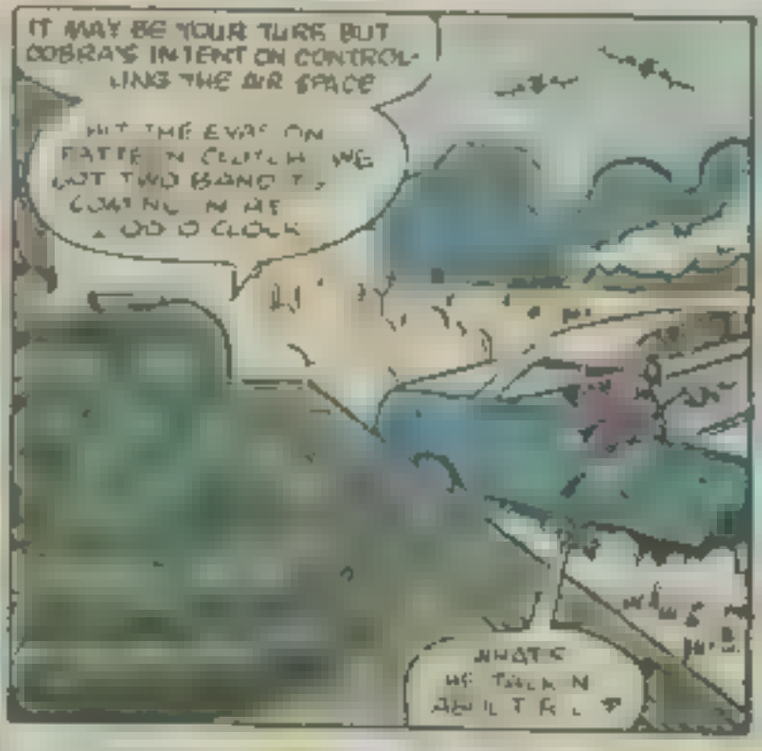
YAHOO!
THEMS AIN'T ANARCHISTS! THEMS IS ROBOTS!
TOO MANY OF 'EM! HAVE TO DIVERT SOME FIREPOWER FROM THE MAIN TARGET TO GET OUR TAIL OUT OF THE FIRE!

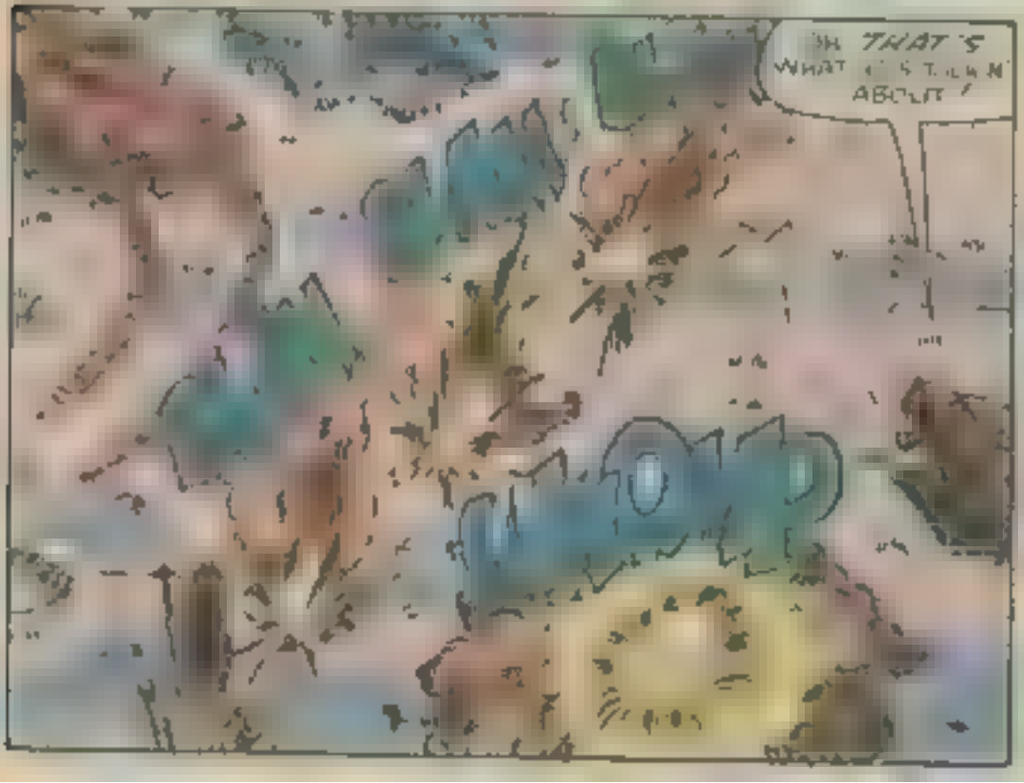
BREAKER RELIEF IS ON THE WAY
AND ON TO DRY LAND!
YOU'VE LOST MOST OF THE MISS TANKS AND HALF THE INFANTRY! LET ME--
RICHARD DAWSON STINKING A BIT PURPLE TODAY, CYRUS.
MIGHTY STRANGE, LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING BIG AND GREEN WENT BY



YOU'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE
GET A LOT HOTTER HERE RIGHT QUICK!


CLEAR OUT? I AIN'T
OUT O' AMMO YET
POLICE


IT MAY BE YOUR TURF BUT
COBRA'S INTENT ON CONTROL-
LING THE AIR SPACE

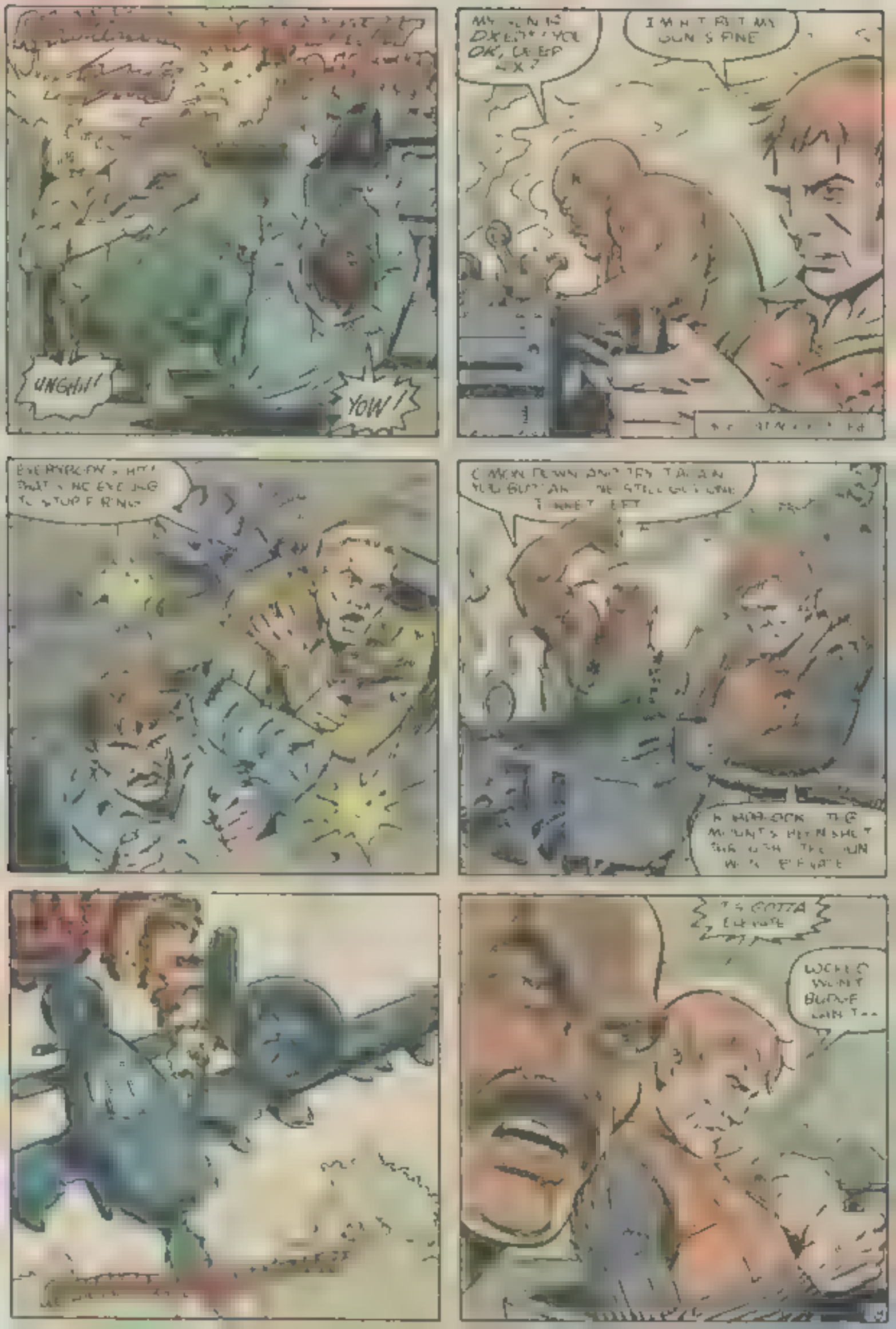

OH THAT'S
ABOUT!

3

TAXI

MISSILE LAUNCHED
WHAMM
KEEP RUNNING DON'T LOOK BACK
KEEP BAILING THESE TURBINES ARE STILL SIZZLING!
CONFIRMING DESTRUCTION OF SMALLER TARGET AND COMMENCING MY RUN ON
TARGET LOCKED ON AND MISSILE ARMED
AM INITIATING FIRING EQUENCE
BLAST! THE TARGET DISAPPEARED

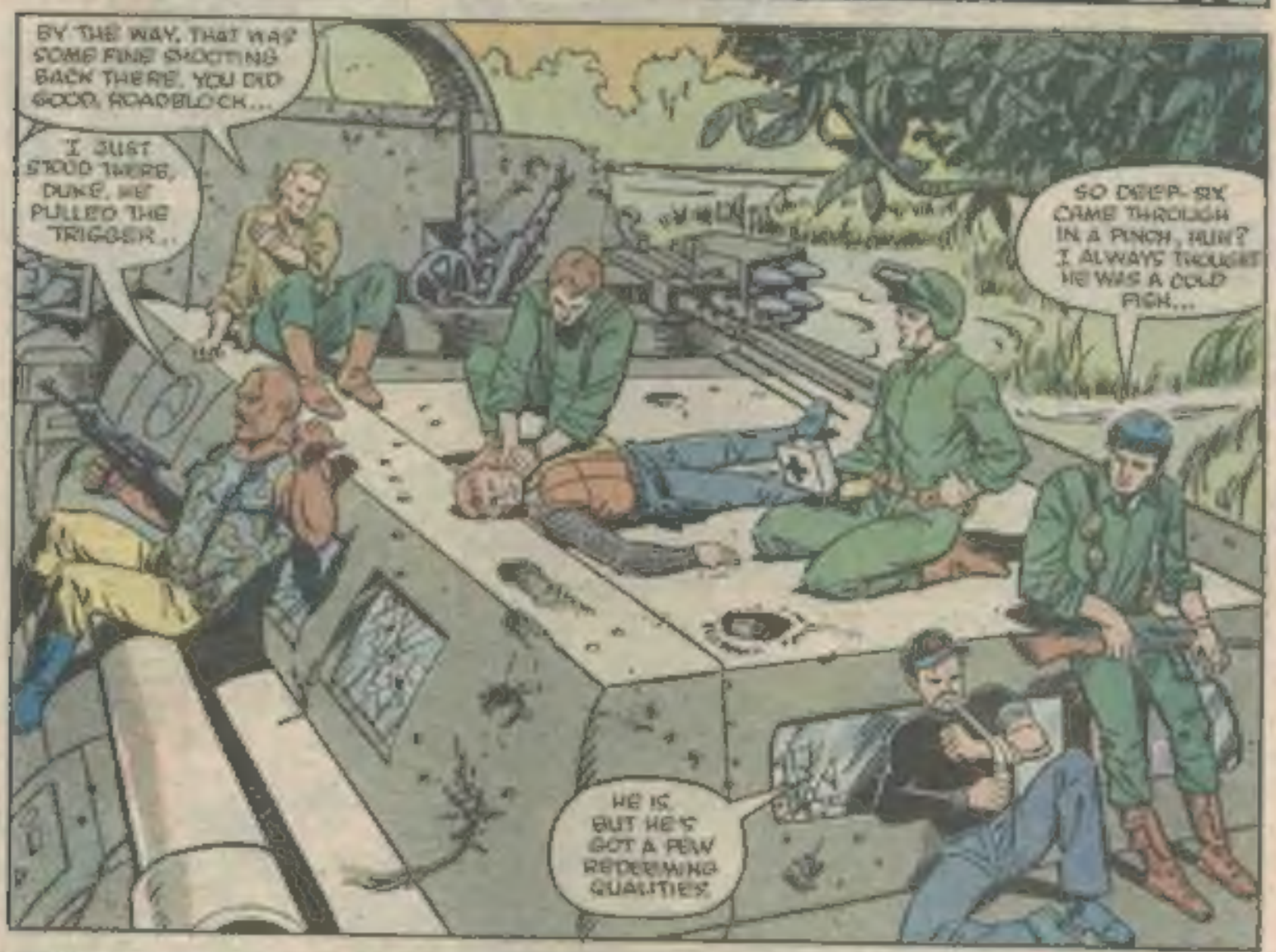
A RATTLER
--IN FACT, HE'S STILL VERY MUCH

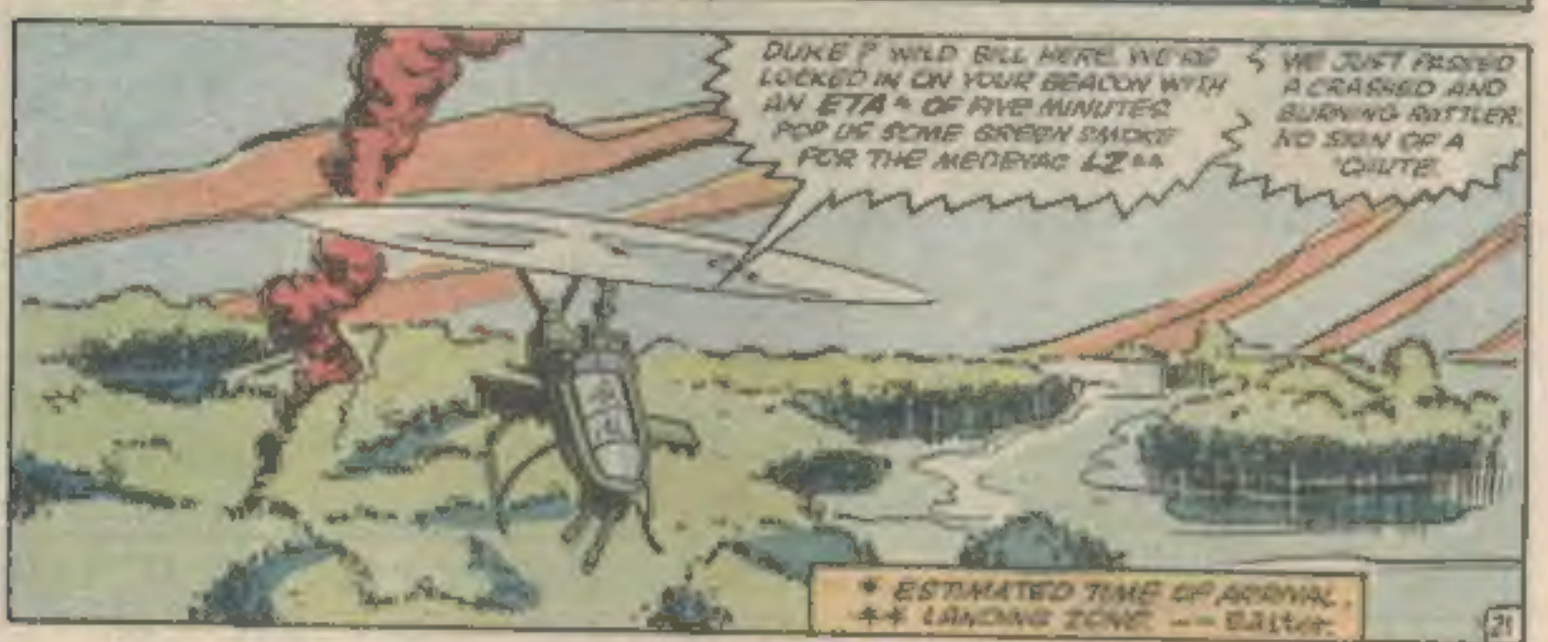

UNGHH!
YOW!
I'M NOT HIT MY GUN'S FINE

WHAT AND WHAT ARE TWO WORDS I DON'T BELIEVE IN!
THERE! YOU'VE GOT YOUR ELEVATION! FIRE!!

AT ZARTAN'S LAIR...
SORRY, FIREFLY. ONLY ENOUGH ROOM IN A RAFTER FOR ONE PASSENGER. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT ON YOUR OWN...
BUT YOU'RE A RE-SOURCE-FUL LAD. I'M SURE YOU'LL DO JUST FINE!
I'M GLAD YOU HAVE SUCH FAITH IN ME, COBRA COMMANDER!
AH, YES... I JUST REMEMBER TO RE-STOCK MY SUPPLY OF LACKEYS WHEN I GET BACK TO SPRINGFIELD...
KRAAM!
THAT MISERABLE BACKSTABBER...
...I AM RESOURCEFUL ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF HERE AND I HAVE A LONG MEMORY FOR BETRAYAL!
GOOD THING WE DECIDED TO CHECK OUT THE CABIN FROM THE TREELINE BEFORE WE WENT KNOCKING ON THE DOOR, HUH, CHIEF?
.....
DUKE, THIS IS WILD BILL. THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT OF THE CABIN 'CEPT BURNIN' SPLINTERS! ANY BAD GUYS THAT WERE HERE HAVE PICKED UP AND GONE HOME!
BEAM IN ON OUR HOMING CHANNEL. WE NEED DOC BACK HERE IN THE WORST WAY!
20

HAUL US INTO SHORE AND SECURE A LINE, BREAKER! THEN GET THE REST OF THE TANK CREW ONBOARD AND GIVE US A HAND WITH THE FIELD DRESSINGS.


BY THE WAY, THAT WAS SOME FINE SHOOTING BACK THERE. YOU DID GOOD, ROADBLOCK...
I JUST STOOD THERE, DUKE. HE PULLED THE TRIGGER...
SO DEEP-SIX CAME THROUGH IN A PINCH, HUH? I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A COLD FISH...
HE IS. BUT HE'S GOT A FEW REDEEMING QUALITIES.


DUKE? WILD BILL HERE. WE'RE LOCKED IN ON YOUR BEACON WITH AN ETA* OF FIVE MINUTES. POP US SOME GREEN SMOKE FOR THE MEDEVAC LZ**.
WE JUST PASSED A CRASHED AND BURNING HUEY. NO SIGN OF A CHUTE.
* ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL.
** LANDING ZONE -- Editor.

COBRA COMMANDER THINKS HE'S SEEN THE LAST OF ME! BRRMPH! I'LL SHOW HIM A THING OR TWO ABOUT EXPLOSIVES THAT'LL CURL HIS HOOD!
OR MAYBE I'LL STRANGLE HIM A LITTLE FIRST AND--
ANGRY, ARE YOU?
WANT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
MOM'S
MOTEL
3RD ST LOUNGE
VIDEO
OPEN
WHERE'RE WE HEADIN', ZARTAN?
NORTH. THAT'S WHERE THE JOBS COME FROM AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM!
NEXT ISSUE: BEACHED WHALE ...THE DEADLIEST FISH NOT IN THE SEA!

MARVEL
60¢
28
OCT
02064
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
G.I.JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!
10
71486 02064